# A Savage Swarm Fights on Ship Fights on Ship

Only Seventy-Nine Cartridges Left to Kirk and Companions, Who Go to the Rescue of Fortuna's Overwhelmed Crew.

Lloyd Osbourne. (Copyright, 1907, by D. Appleton & Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS,
Lewis Kirkpatrick (nicknamed "Kirk"), a
plucky young American, embarks on an enterprise to seek the buried treasure of the
lost South American city of Cassaquiari,
lost South American city of Cassaquiari,
four people—Westbrook, a Lamous inventor;
four people—Westbrook builds in the South
Jackson, Westbrook builds in the South
Jackson, Westbrook builds in the South
Jackson, Westbrook builds in the South
Jackson being deposed upon wheels, and thus capable
of saling on land. Kirk becomes engaged
to Westbrook's lovely daughter, Vera, He
is second officer, when, with a picked crew,
the Fortuna starts on her inland voyage,
For his courage in repelling an attack of
avages he is made captain, Jackson being
deposed for cowardice. The ship proceeds
to a point near Cassaquiari, whence the
gold bars are transported to the Fortuna
from the buried city in automobiles. Kirk
and Vera (though forbidden to do so by
Westbrook) secretly foin one of these auto
trips and visit Cassaquiari. As they are
about to return to the ship they see from
the mountains above that the Fortuna is
defending herself with difficulty from an
sermy of savages. SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. awful to think of being murdered."

## CHAPTER XXVIII. Deserted.

H AD the breeze freshened, which, alas, it showed no signs of doing, the tacties of the previous conflict might have been repeated with adbeen put about and her vast bulk utilized to tear repeated pathways through her enemies and grind untold numbers there was hardly sufficed to keep her moving at more than six or seven knots an hour—a speed prohibitive of all such tactics—and thus her most powerful weapon, her mobility, was unfortunate-

But more alarming than anything was firing became fitful and unsteady. Sevcould be seen slipping down the rigging seemingly abandoning their posts in a together, though a persistent rifle fire tude, there hung the ghastiy apparition could be plainly heard, and with it a of a man. slaughter. On the contrary, the dribble of Weaver, the jockey.

of bodies nearly ceased, and the melangreat gaps-significant and ominous portent of an ebbing resistance.

## A Hand-to-Hand Fight,

ently received his charge.

See had gained a foothold on her bow and were obstinately holding their own.

"Hurry! Hurry!" while with ropes lowered over her side their numbers were constantly reinforced from below. Figures could be seen struggling frantically to clamber

"Don't keep us suickling here!" he possible to guess how the fight was going. Axes sparkled in the sun as brawny arms swung them high: rifles cracked; pistols rained incessant bullets; bayonets stabbed out murderously. But the sayages seemed not to give an inch, grappling with the whites like beasts, tearing at their throats, wresting them down to the blood-stained deck in frenzied efforts to strangle or clash them. About the foremast was invested to find the country grew more open as, with lessening islows, it gradually attained the plain.

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The twilight deepened into dusk. The Cross grimmered in the southern sky.

The enrine began to splutter and gast, it took no expert to tell that something was seriously wrong with it. The car slowed down, it stooped. Crawshaw made no reply to the anxious questions addressed to him. He ran behind, bent down and their reappeared with a face haggard with bad news.

The menure open as, with and should they apologize?

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The country grew more open as, with lessening the should should they apologize?

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The country gr club them. About the foremast was the deadliest focus of the battle: and the great stick towered like a standard. under which the whites rallied and reformed their broken ranks. The battle, like some wild sea squall,

drove steadily to leeward. The Fortons dwindled into the immeasurable empanse. "What's to be done?" asked Kirk,

breaking the intolerable stience. "I don't know." returned Crawshaw in a listless tone. "We're done for, I suppose. We'll never get out of this."

"Now, see here, everybody," began Kirk, "I want you all to listen to me and listen hard. We can't go back to Cassaquiari—that's plain. No food, no hope, no anything. We certainly can't stay here, waiting like ninnies for

Caring not:

Oh the blot!

To defend

And the smoke almost spoke

And I thought, was she taught

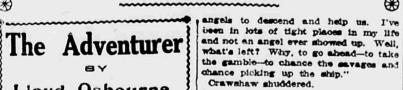
Of the shame

With her name?

With my views;

And mere man, if he can,

For her sake.



Desperate Chances. "It's something to die in peace," he said. "There are no Indians here. It's

can make a frightful racket by stripping off the hood and letting the cylinders exhaust into the open air." "And an increased efficiency," exclaimed Crawshaw, awakening to tech-

cent." Kirk saw at last that all was ready. "Boys," he said in a husky voice,

### CHAPTER XXIX. A Weird Procession.

unbarred and still uncontested. —
Of a sudden, shooting around a curve, they were electrified by the sight of the unaccountable confusion that they were electrified by the sight of time other car. It was headed obliquely toward them, its nose was rammed eral times she yawed wildly, and narrowly escaped gybing. Tiny figures ing furiously, the overheated radiator was boiling out torrents of water and steam. The seat was empty, but over panic. The machine guns stopped at the dash, in a limp and dreadful atti-

They jumped out and ran to him. The able import. Could it be cheering? But face, as they raised it and looked into the wake showed no signs of increased the staring, sightless eyes, was that

of bodies nearly ceased, and the melan-choly ribbon of them, stretching far across the plain, began to widen with for what he had died to bring. Here, tumbled together, were biscuits and year my junior. I have tried to show cartridges, some cans of preserved her that I love her, but she has Suddenly she wore ship, and the manoeuvre opened her broadside to belt, to throw to a drowning man. This can I bring her to love me? A. A. view. Then was learned the reason of bundle had cost poor Weaver his heart's. The young lady shows that she likes her apparent abandonment of the fight, blood. His had been the thought, his you by asking you to call. Pay her Her forecastle was black with men, had been the devotion, and now, as it attention and she will in all probability and a hand-to-hand battle was taking were from his dead hands, they rever-

Crawshaw obeyed, and the engine consent we fixed the date. The girls fall back into the boiling, swirling mass from which he had arisen. It was impossible to guess how the fight was



The Coffin-Nail Girl.

By Jim Dash.

N the crowded, gay cafe sat the pretty little May,

In her lips a cigarette, in her heart no wee regret;

As it challenged an attention that I need hardly mention

Curling higher, b gher, higher, from the pestilential fire

custom new and chic, that only made them quick

Now, I'm neither saint nor prude, and it's rarely I intrude

But to aid a girl or woman to become a smokestack human

Lest, clinging, clinging, chinging, the habit keeps on stinging

Should insist on every measure to stamp out this form of "pleasure"

By a father of a mother, or a sister, or a brother,

Of triffing, triffing, triffing, her modesty a-stiffing,

Then the men all gazed and sighed, and some women vainly tried

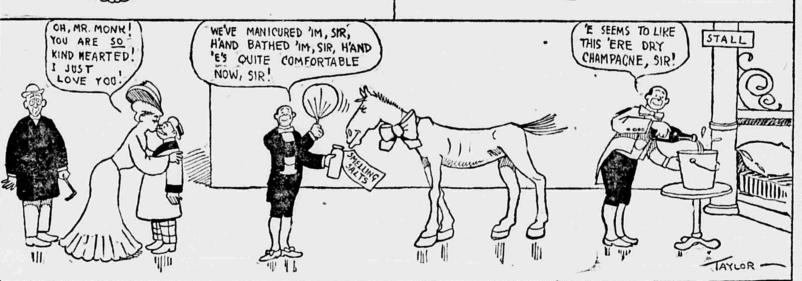
"The New East Lynne" New York story for New Yorkers written exclusively or The Evening World by Clara Morris, begins next aturday. It is the est story Clara Morris ever wrote

# Don't Miss It!

# 







# Betty Vincent Gives On Courtship and Marriage

Four Rude Suitors.

AST summer three girls and I met four gentlemen about nineteen years of age who asked me if they aboard: helping hands were reached out to them; occasionally one would yelled, "Hurry! Hurry!" he see my mother. After reached

cated New Year's Day. As I was think ing seriously of marrying this young lady in the near future. I am h broken over her treatment of me. She is now going with another young man, and I am sorely vexed as to what to do in the matter. HEARTBROKEN. in the matter. HEARTBROKEN.

The young lady was justly angry with
you. If you wish to win her back you

## She Treats Him Rudely.

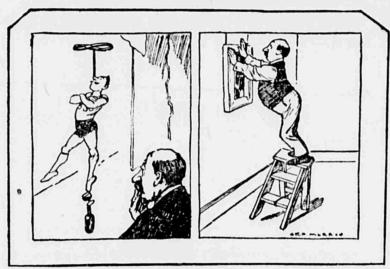
she cares for me more than anybody else. What shall I do? G. I. W. Dear Betty:

AM eighteen and am keeping comshe should not treat you rudely before pany with a young lady about the some should not treat you rudery before same age. When we are alone she treat her in the same way, pay attreats me very nicely, but whenever tention to some other girl and she will there are other gentlemen present she quickly change her conduct.

I mantle since Jan. I two young ladies have called on me and proposed, the same separately. Do you advise there are other gentlemen present she quickly change her conduct.

I am single and of a bashful disposi-

## Life's Little Anomalies.



Why is it that a performance of this kind, seen on a music-hall stage, seems too trivial to make

While a simple little feat like this, done by yourself at home, seems quite creditable? -From London Punch.

### many times not to do this, and she says He Had Two Proposals. Dear Bettyt

making \$24 per week, and have good habits. Since Jan. 1 two young am single and of a bashful disposi-

Don't pay any attention to the young ladies. They probably meant the pro-

his own name and address on. Kindly tell me the meaning of this. E. G.

It looks as if the young man were oughly cleansed of the crusts. Then oughly cleansed of the crusts. Then oughly cleansed of the crusts. Then oughly cleansed of the crusts of the shoulders and the point on its covering of flesh but on the crusts. tell me the meaning of this. E. G. extremely anxious to have you answer apply the hair tonic given below with of the continue his acquaintance there is no harm in sending him a return postal.

## How to Reach Him.

but I am unable to answer the letters. I do not know which address to write to, as he moves about so much. How can I reach him?

Write to the last address and mark the letter "Please forward." It will be redirected to his present address. In this letter ask him to furnish you with his address a week ahead of time so that he may receive your letters on his arrival.

By M. F. Neale

THE WAY THE RACKET'S MADE IS IT?

REMINDS ME OF ME MUDDER IN-LAW DE-LIVERING A LECTURE

# Proposing to a Suit of Clothes

Boarding-House Tess, Who Scorns Leap-Year Privileges, Tells How a Dreamy Blonde Brought on a Shower of Johns &

BY JOSEPH A. FLYNN.

O you really think there's any foundation for Mrs. Starve-em's tale about a young lady asking her for suggestions on how to propose?" I inquired

"I pass," she replied, feasting her eyes on a coral necklace worn by a maid opposite, "Mrs. Starve-em has a lot of forgets sleeping under her wavy locks. Once in a while she wakes some up that set your think-factory working. There might be something in the home run she handed out, but if some anxious Henrietta loses any sleep proposing to a suit of clothes don't blame every lady for the

"A slick girlle can propose to any man without opening her ruby lips or rolling her beautiful orbs; and when it's all over he'll pat himself on the back at his nerve in mak-

"It's all in the way you lead them up to the barrier. Wouldn't I look nice taking Adrian out for a walk some night and giving him this earful: 'My only only, yours is the only name for me. I don't get a million bones a week, but I'm in solid here and Mrs. Starve-em thinks the sun wouldn't rise in the morning unless I tumbled out of the hay. I'm breaking dishes by day and keeping Lizzie awake by night thinking about you. If you'll only let me put a notice in the paper I'll love, honor and support you until the last bell."

"The moment I began that game he'd say it was getting late and look for his bonnet; and I wouldn't blame him

"When girlies forget their first names and propose that's the time to call

"You know that dreamy blonde next door, the one you used to meet on the station in the morning; the girl with the curly, golden hair, just like mine, although Mrs. Starve-em says she uses the white of an egg on it twice a day? Well, not long ago Mrs. Starve-em sent me in to borrow the pattern of a waist Henrietta was sporting. She was right on the job with a happy hand, and we had a confidential about Harrys we knew. Henrietta said she was weary of slapping John on the back when he hit the mat, giving him the only chair that wasn't damaged before the fire, killing the pan for half an hour, and telling him all the nice things every girlie on the block never said about him.

"Just then some one played tag with the push button, and she said: 'Now, you wait, Tess. I've doped out an idea, and I am going to try it on the fellow annoying the bell. You stay right here and see the go.' And she let him hug the top step for as good as ten minutes before she opened the door. When he gave her the glad shake she lost her smile and said: 'Oh, hello, Ed. I thought it was somebody else, but as long as you're here, come in; the fire's out.' She told him who I was and then let him find his own corner.

"The moment he was uncomfortable in an old rocker with six broken springs she started in to tell me about all the Harras I was supposed to know and how many times a week they blocked the stoop. Right when he was getting interested she accidentally dropped a ton of letters on the floor in brother's handwriting. and Ed nearly broke his neck picking them up.

"After a while she let him talk his head off while she read the first chapter 'Nowhere to Go but Home.' She yawned twelve times before he got wise, while taking down his harness off the rack in the hall he handed out a grand invite to a swell show. I thought she'd bite her little red tongue in two trying to say 'Yes' in a hurry, but that wasn't in the game. Instead she told im Sylvester Broke had asked her that very afternoon to take in the same but she'd write Sylvester next morning, if she thought of it, and try and get him to lock up his money until some other time; and it was only after a lot of coaxing under the red lamp in the hall that she promised Ed to shake Sylvester and go with him. Now. I suppose you're wondering how she made out?"

rules of courtship and etiquette in order to carry out a mere whim certainly deserves a sharp and timely rebuke at the hands of the male sex; and I'm willing to wager right now that her plan never succeeded." "You belong to the Old Men's Home." Tess replied, counting the applicants

for the remnants of yesterday's ple. "Her bell worked overtime after that and she had four proposals in one week."

# Health and Beauty.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

## A Child's Scalp.

never use them twice on the head without cleansing them first. A fa-

Neck Too Thin.

He Sends Her Postals.

Dear Betty:

Note: The Young Man whom I have only met once sent me twenty-one printed cards with my name and address on and also included one wash nor method.

H.—Anoint the child's head every night with sweet almond oil.

Let her wear a cap made of oiled silk or a silk handkerchief in order not to stain the pillow slip, and in the morning wash her hair out in warm your chest will expend and the property of the pillow slip. morning wash her hair out in warm your chest will expand and the bone

SKIN FOOD .- White wax, 1 ounce; spermaceti, 1 ounce; lanoline, 2 ounces; sweet almond oil, 4 ounces; cocoanut oil, 2 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 30 without cleansing them his. A later oil. 2 ounces: tincture of benzoin, 30 mous old hair tonic: Castor oil, 1-2 pint; tincture of pint; pure alcohol, 1-2 pint; tincture of cantharides, 1-2 ounce; oil of bergamot, address every week. He writes me, net root. Apply to the roots.

without cleansing them his. A later oil, 2 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 30 drops; orange flower water, 2 ounces. Melt the first five ingredients together, Take off the first and beat until nearly cleansing them his. A later oil, 2 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 30 drops; orange flower water, 2 ounces. Melt the first five ingredients together, Take off the first and beat until nearly cleansing them his.

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.

S UCH a pretty water one is sure to find its welcome in every girl's wardrobe. As illustrated it is made of plaid taffeta trimmed with velvet bands and combined with a chemisette of allover lace. But it is appropriate both for the entire dress and for the separate blouse and can be made from almost any seasonable material, Long or three - quarter sleeves can be used as liked.

The quantity of material required for the 16-year size is 35-8 yards 21 or 24, 3 yards 27 or 13-4 yards 44 inches wide, with 1-2 yard of all-over lace and 1-2 yard of silk or velvet for trimming Pattern No. 5,876 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16



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Tootsie and Her Cat, Smilax













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